

Mar. 11, 2019



found.film.binder



109  
posts

78  
followers

1  
following

Follow

**Scanner**

I bought someone's old film binder, filled with negatives dated 93-02. Each caption is the caption written on the neg sleeve. Posting more as I scan!



**This Account is Private**

Follow this account to see their photos and videos.

[@found.film.binder](#)

A collaborative documentary project  
by Nico Young and April Miller McMurtry

Logline

I found a stranger's personal photo archive and, through clues in the photos, eventually found her. This documentary follows my process of discovering and interpreting her photos, finding her, then her rediscovery of the photos, and response to my interpretation. It is an interactive, living, collaborative documentary- in the form of an Instagram page.



found.film.binder



4 likes

found.film.binder "Rockstar 97"

JANUARY 10

## The Film Binder

I bought the binder for \$2 on Jan. 3rd, 2019 on a trip to Berkeley, when my friends took me to a secondhand arts supplies store called Creative Reuse. I've built a small collection of other people's lost photo prints for a while now, but I've never been so fortunate as to find someone's personal archive of film negatives.

There were hand-written captions on the negative sleeves that dated them:

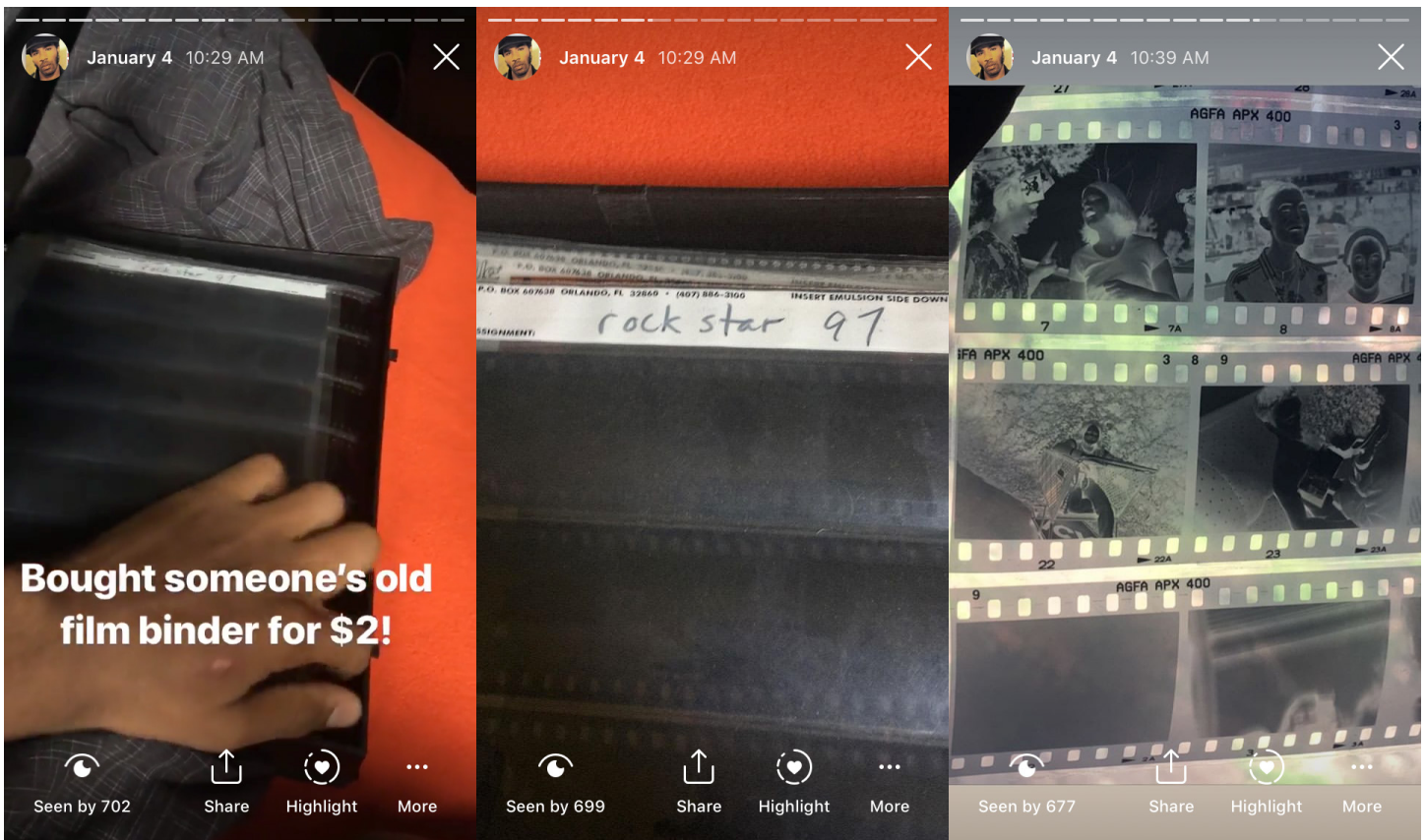
"Ecuador 94"

"Mexico 96"

"Rockstar 97"

"Berlin 01-02"

There weren't any other markings that could indicate who the original owner/photographer was. I had no idea if the photographer was a parent, or a professional, or a woman, or a man. And since all I had were the negatives, I couldn't even see the photos yet.





When I got home from the trip, I began the slow, laborious process of scanning the negatives. There were hundreds of them, with dates spanning 1993-2002. I expected to be scanning for the rest of the year.

I started with the first few black and white pages that were loose out of the binder rings. I saw kids my age partying, hanging out, sitting next to each other on the plane, pushing each other around in shopping carts. They reminded me a lot of me and my friends.



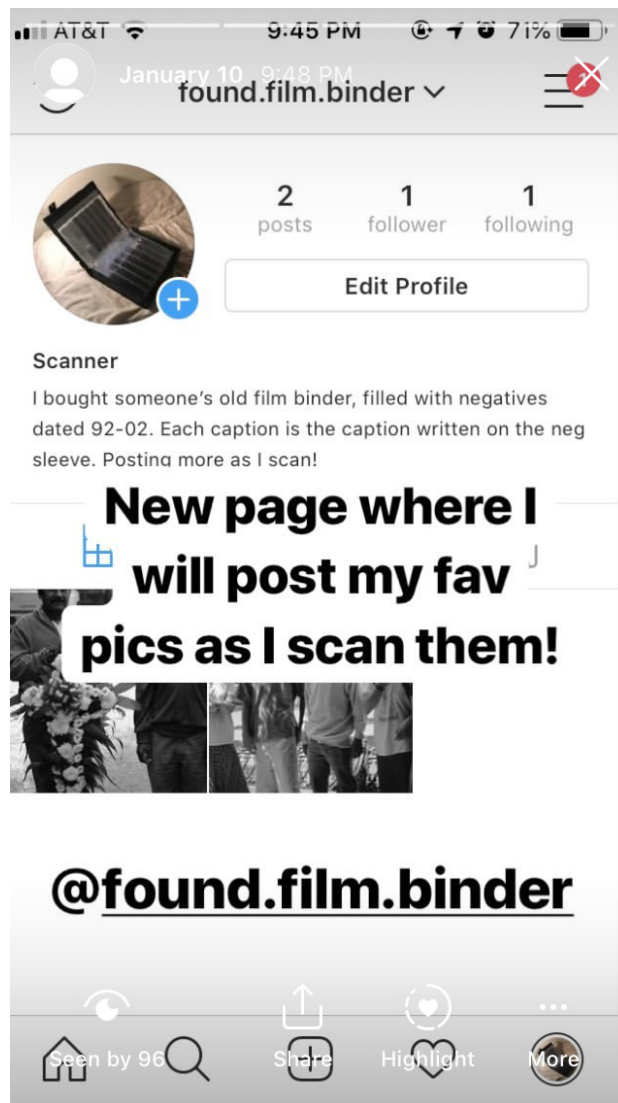


## The Instagram Page

I wanted to show the photos to my friends. And I knew that having other eyes on the photos would motivate me to scan more.

So I created an Instagram page for the photos (@found.film.binder) where I would post photos from the binder while I scanned them. I didn't post all the photos, just the ones that I liked, and those that offered clues to who the photographer was. My captions documented my process of trying to piece together the clues.

Instantly, *Finding Vivian Maier*<sup>1</sup> sprung to mind, but I was trying to avoid making it something like that. Making a big deal out of it. I wasn't trying to argue for these photos' place in photo history. I was interested in seeing another person's life at a similar stage as I am in right now, and the stories that could be read solely through the photos they left behind.



In the early posts, I was busy trying to figure out who the photographer was. At first, I pinned this guy from Ecuador 93 and Rockstar 97.



3 likes

**found.film.binder** "Rockstar 97"

I have a feeling that this guy is the photographer

[View 1 comment](#)

JANUARY 10



14 likes

**found.film.binder** "Ecuador 93"

I think the guy on the left is the photographer

[View all 8 comments](#)

JANUARY 15



19 likes

**found.film.binder** "Ecuador 93"

The shirt reveals why the photographer spent time in Ecuador. "Amigos de las Américas (or AMIGOS) is a nonprofit organization based in Houston, Texas with 25 chapters across the USA. The Vision of AMIGOS is "A world where each young person becomes a life-long catalyst for social change." AMIGOS works towards this vision by inspiring and building young leaders through collaborative community development and immersion in cross-cultural experiences."

[View 1 comment](#)

JANUARY 14



11 likes

**found.film.binder** "gto 94"

Been less certain about the identity of the photographer. Haven't seen any photos of the dude I suspected to be the photographer in any of the Guanajuato photos. Maybe he's just been behind the camera the whole time, I'm not sure.

[View 1 comment](#)

JANUARY 21



There was one girl who kept appearing on nearly every roll I scanned. I'd been struggling to incorporate her into each narrative about the photographer.

Then I saw her holding a camera in some photos, and it suddenly became obvious that she had been the photographer all along. The photos that she was in were just times she had passed her camera to someone else momentarily.



28 likes

**found.film.binder** "gto 94"

This girl has appeared on nearly every roll of film I've scanned so far, from 92-97, in Mexico, SF, and Ecuador. She is the only consistency throughout. The earliest photos of her were definitely in High School. I've been trying to guess her relationship to the photographer. Best friend? Lover? Sister? Now I'm thinking she may be the photographer all along. A photographer who hands the camera off to her friends a lot.

JANUARY 21



11 likes

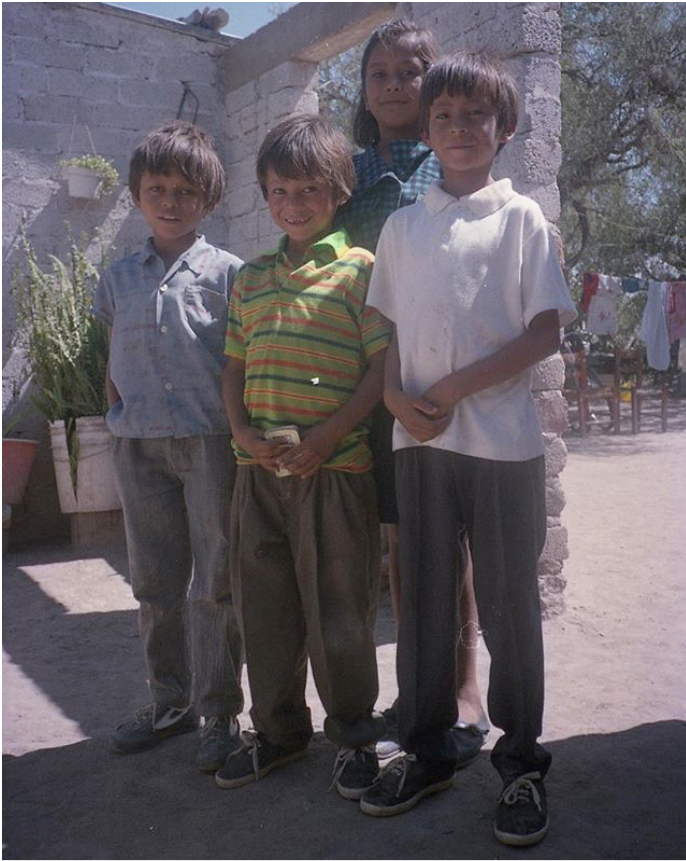
**found.film.binder** "gto 94"

I've decided she is 100% the photographer.

JANUARY 22



I saw two narratives forming on the Instagram: One was about her life, and one was about me and my process of trying to figure out her life, based on her photos.

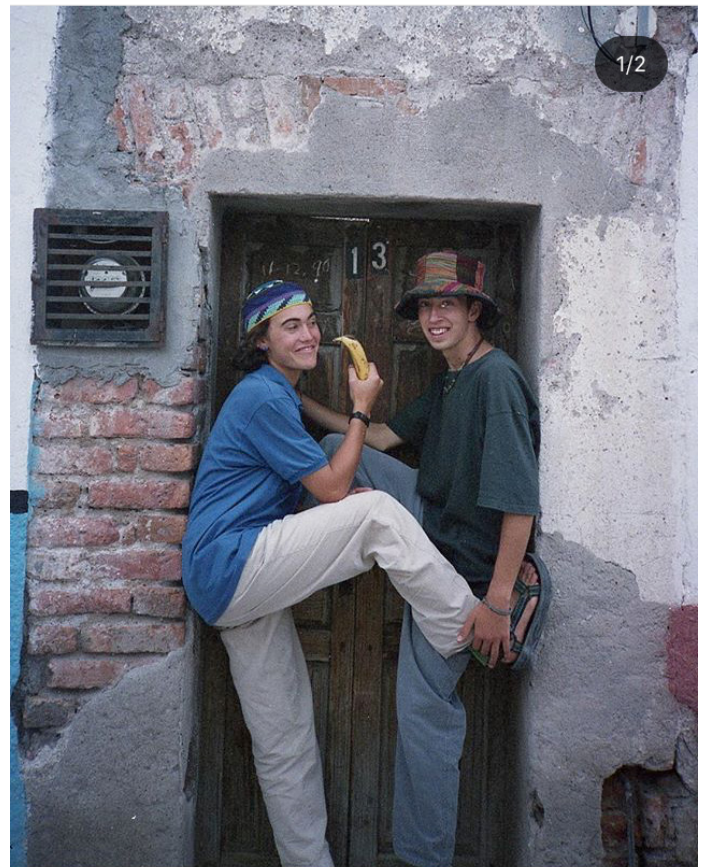


12 likes

**found.film.binder** "gto 94"  
Her homestay siblings I think

View 1 comment

JANUARY 23



20 likes

**found.film.binder** "gto 94"  
Omg umm first time seeing her with a BOY 🥰  
Haven't seen him in any other photos, but he seems like another Amigo de las Americas teen.

JANUARY 23



13 likes

**found.film.binder** "Morella 96"  
Girl on left is named Jamie

JANUARY 23

After three weeks, I scanned a photo of her wearing a nametag. It said April. Pretty soon after that, I was able to find her on social media.

I wanted to reach out to her, but it took me a few weeks to figure out what I wanted to say.

In the meantime, I kept scanning and finished the rest of the film in the binder. The scanned images totalled 1,176.

I stopped uploading to the page after I found April. I felt uncomfortable posting after I knew who she was. Once she became a “real person” it felt like I needed her permission.



33 likes

**found.film.binder** I FOUND HER! I'm still figuring out what to do next. More updates soon...

[View all 9 comments](#)

JANUARY 27



29 likes

**found.film.binder** People are asking how I found her, this was the critical image. They're wearing name tags, and hers says April. Once I found her first name I was simply able to search her up under the followers list of the Instagram page of Amigos (the non-profit group she traveled to all those places with) and find her IG. I have scanned over a thousand images now, and this is the only one that gave me the clue. Now that I know her identity, posting here somehow feels different? And even though I've shared the most private details of her life on this page I don't feel comfortable linking to her page? I haven't reached out to her yet, I decided to wait until I finish scanning all the film.

JANUARY 28



I was actively thinking about how to create a documentary project out of the film binder, since I was in a documentary film class at the time. I had to write drafts of documentary proposals for the class, before I had gotten in contact with April. I wanted to make some sort of documentary with her, and I wanted it to be collaborative. I wanted to reach out and see how she responded, and decide what to do from there.

In my drafts, I was considering all the ways I could make a documentary film out of source material that was static in its nature. Writing:

I thought about telling the story about me finding the film binder and scanning the photos and discovering clues in the photos. But I didn't know how to do that because I didn't have a film crew there to document the process as it was unfolding. I wondered where else the story was in all of this. Maybe the story was about the inadequacies of the photo album as a narrative of her personal life. I considered a video in which each of us would give a commentary to a selection of photos while stringing a narrative between them. I would go first, delivering the narrative I had constructed about April, and she would go next, giving the real story.

Nico Young  
Section 1B

Preliminary documentary project proposal and research questions

Last month, I found a woman's personal archive of 35mm negatives -- brought the binder home and began digitizing the thousand+ from 1993-2002. What I thought would take a year, the photos were by a girl about my age, documenting school, college, and her first few years of adulthood. One of one photo where she's wearing a name tag, and from media, and where she ended up. I have yet to reach out to say. But I am compelled to make my documentary project even have a choice.

Nico Young  
Section 1B  
Feb 26, 2019

Logline:  
While attempting to make a documentary about someone else's private documents, I unwittingly become a subject in someone else's documentary. My experience as documentary subject informs a new approach to the documentary I had been trying to make.

Character relationships:  
Film Binder Photographer (April) and me  
Ex-Girlfriend and me  
My friends (Maya, Jane, Lauren, Ben, +) and me

Research questions:  
-Where is she now? Where are her friends now?  
-How will she react to my inquiry? Will she be amused, enthralled?  
-She was/is an artist, would she be down to collaborate on a video?  
-How is the version of her I've constructed of her without ever meeting her actually is?  
-Is she still close with any of the people in these photos from her end up? And what could that tell me about my college friendships?  
-How has self-documentation changed in our culture since the 1990s?  
-Make a comparison to the public self-representation/documentation on social media, with the photos taken for private documentation.  
-What stories get left out in self-documentation?  
-In one of her blog posts I found she wrote about a lunar eclipse near the death of her best friend... was this best friend in any of these photos?  
-Is her future husband in any of the photos I scanned?  
-What is it like to see yourself reflected in a stranger's imagination?

Story:  
I found a stranger's personal photo archive and began scanning the photos inside of it on the day (or the day before) I broke up with my girlfriend. I maintained a private Instagram page where I posted my favorite photos from the binder, as I scanned them. The page served as a document of my attempts to find meaning and construct a narrative between the photos. These two stories eventually reconnect when, on the day I finally got in contact with April, the owner of the photo archive my ex got in contact with me, telling me about a film she made about our breakup. She revealed that she had been recording our conversation while she broke up, and edited it down for a video she was planning on releasing the next day, titled "Me Listening to the Audio Recording of My Boyfriend and I Breaking Up". I felt betrayed to find out she had been recording such a personal moment, and was using it as material. But it made me reflect on my own principles around documentation, especially self-documentation. I thought about telling the story about me finding the film binder and scanning the photos and discovering clues in the photos. But I didn't know how to do that because I didn't have a film crew there to document the process as it was unfolding. I wondered where else the story was all of this. Maybe the story was about the inadequacies of the photo album as a selection of photos while stringing a narrative between them. I would go first, delivering the narrative I had constructed about April, and she would go next, giving the real story. But then you told me about the film Nobody's Business, where a filmmaker does just that. And so I thought of other ideas...

Formal ideas:  
-Skype/facetime is a valuable tool  
-Her talking over and about photos in slideshow  
-Boring  
-Us in dialogue talking over and about photos in slideshow  
-Me explaining a narrative I constructed through a selection of her photos, then her what her narrative is.

In my unsent first-draft email to April I wrote:  
There are so many important things that happen in my life that go undocumented; I knew that I shouldn't be misled to read your film binder as an autobiography. You weren't trying to document your life for an outsider, you were communicating it to your future self. Most of the earlier photos were taken on trips, and I didn't get much of a sense of what your life was like in between the trips, at home, your normal, everyday life was not often photographed. The camera is usually taken out for events, or special outings. I wonder if you would've identified as a photographer during these years? I wondered if these photos just seem special to me because I wasn't alive during this time, and that everyone just photographed their lives like this. I'm sure if you checked the average person's camera roll today



I finally emailed April, and after a week, I got no response and assumed she wasn't so interested. I didn't want to push her to participate in something she wasn't enthusiastic about so I drafted a second documentary proposal, shifting focus to the events in my own life which coincided with scanning the film and discovering her.

I chose to break out of the medium of film, it seemed like a story better *read* than *watched*. My idea was a collection of digital documents- texts, emails, the Instagram posts- sequenced to make a documentary about my interest in April's photos, and struggling to make a documentary about them.

Then, the next week I received an email from April:

Hope you are well!!! I'm wondering if you received the audio messages I sent - it was such a surprise to receive this email and I wasn't in a place to type a response then.

Hopefully you did! I can resend if not.

I had not received the audio messages. She resent them—two six-minute voice memos. She was enthusiastic; I was relieved. She's 41 now, with a family. She told me she had donated the film binder to Creative Reuse herself. In fact, she donated three film binders in total. She spoke about releasing the weight of memories as you grow older. I sent her an audio message back, and she sent another one. In my next email, I finally told her about the Instagram page, and that I was interested in making a documentary project with her, if she was interested too. She followed the Instagram page and went through the photos and responded to my captions, rediscovering the photos and reflecting on the memories they wrought up.



**found.film.binder** "Ecuador 93"  
I think the guy on the left is the photographer

7w



**themoonismycalendar** so interesting to imagine your thought process. trying to pick up on clues / who is who and how are they related? what is the relationship. i ask myself that too. the guy in the photo was named zack - we didn't get along very well i think he had a hard time that summer and i was not my most understanding compassionate self with him. i think he was from texas - i remember calling him when we all returned home to apologize and he said he didn't remember me - and that was that.

1d 1 like Reply



**found.film.binder** "Dominican Republic 97"

6w



**noahcollard** This is the best stuff ive seen in a really long time thank you!

6w 1 like Reply



**themoonismycalendar** this is the rice field i walked by every week on my route. i feel like i can transport myself there seeing this photo. when i was in the DR, i was responsible for visiting four communities of volunteers or vols living with host families. the walk was about 2-3 miles and i would hardly ever see anyone of the path. the feeling from the land was so powerful - this view and the solitude, clears the mind. there was plenty of drama going on, i can appreciate the peace this brought to me at the time.

3d Reply

I posted on the page again, letting followers know about my contact with April, and her new presence on the page. I tried to draw attention to the comments she left on old photos.

who and how are they related? what is the relationship. i ask myself that too. the guy in the photo was named zack - we didn't get along very well i think he had a hard time that summer and i was not my most understanding compassionate self with him. i think he was from texas - i remember calling him when we all returned home to apologize and he said he didn't remember me - and that was that.

1d 1 like Reply



**found.film.binder**  
@themoonismycalendar



24 likes

**found.film.binder** Tapping back in - April @themoonismycalendar and I have connected, and she has begun contributing her commentary to the posts here! You can go back through old posts and find her comments, she writes beautifully and they're fascinating to read.

View all 2 comments

3 DAYS AGO



11 likes

**found.film.binder** "Dominican Republic 97"

JANUARY 25



**themoonismycalendar** this is the rice field i walked by every week on



24 likes

**found.film.binder** @themoonismycalendar so beautiful 🥹

View 1 comment

3 DAYS AGO



April's comments made me reconsider the documentary approach again. I came to a similar realization as the one I came to before, when I realized the girl who appeared on every roll had been the photographer all along. The answer was once again in plain sight: the documentary I had been searching so hard to find was right in front of me all along. The Instagram page itself could be the documentary. It already documented my discovery of April, and with her commentary, it documented her rediscovery of the photos, and the strange relationship we had.

I saw three narratives laying over each other on the page:

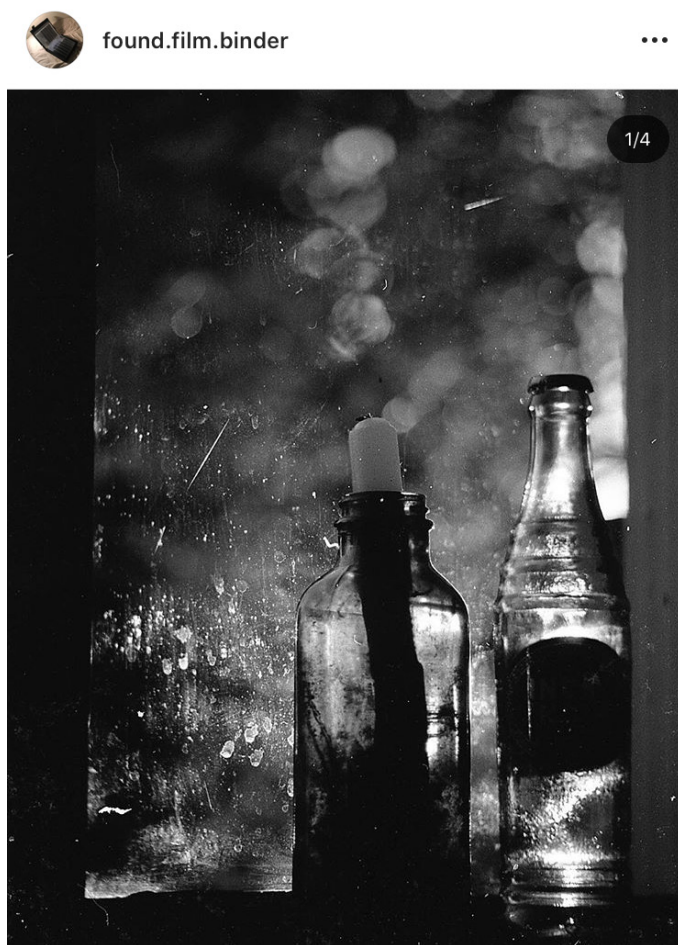
- The first narrative was about April's life, told through the photos
- The second narrative was about my discovery and interpretation of her life, through the photos
  - Operating through my captions, narrativization, and curation of the photos
- The third narrative about April's rediscovery and response, and our dialogue
  - Operating through her comments on the posts, in response to me and the photos.

In other words, there are three stories which can be read simultaneously on the Instagram:

The first story is about April

The second story is about me

The third story is about April and me



found.film.binder



Liked by [themoonismycalendar](#) and 16 others

[found.film.binder](#) Bottles in windowsills

1. Unmarked ~1992
2. Ecuador 1993
3. Dominican Republic 1997
4. SF ~1998

Noticed this recurring image of bottles sitting on windowsills.



[themoonismycalendar](#) who knew this was a reoccurring theme! how cool. something that holds something - near something that opens to the outside world. never seen the b/w one printed - that is a mystery from another dimension. i appreciate that film does not have "location services" i don't want all mysteries to be known. the last one i recognize from my grandma's house - she has kept colored glass bottle in the window as long as i can remember. i lived with her for a year after graduating ucsc to be able to work and pay back student loans. i love every corner of her house!!



48w 1 like Reply



In my second draft proposal, I was considering using the personal conversations I had about the film binder as part of the final project, writing:

A lot more is documented now, not just because of digital cameras, but because of digital communication. Every text conversation is documented, if privately. We are so accustomed to communicating in these ways, that we can forget about the fact that our words leave behind a document, preserved indefinitely.

I was finally liberated when I started considering the possibility of making a documentary that wasn't in video form. I had so much material already documented, in order to tell this story, in the form of private text conversations with my friends about the photos and email correspondence with April. I want to use these documents to make a documentary that is meant to be read instead of watched. I am thinking about book form, digital or physical. I want to sort of mimic my experience discovering April through her private documentation, by leaving my private documentation (in the form of text messages, and my digital archiving of April's files) and public documentation (in the form of instagram posts, emails, etc.)

Looking back on this now, it marks a sort of dead-end within my process of the project. Realizing that all my contact with April was documented through emails, audio messages, and direct messages, it was tempting to use that material as part of the final project. I ultimately decided against that, upholding the separation between the private side of the project, which was my personal correspondence with April, and the public side, which was the Instagram page.

April and I were going to try and see and feel out this new documentary concept. I let followers know that I was resuming the page where I left off in the scans, requesting April's commentary whenever she feels compelled. So now the documentary is living, we will contribute to it when we can. She hasn't seen the rest of the photo files yet, so her comments are still her first reactions. It is liable to change or stop if either of us want it to. It is still a private page, and I'm thinking about keeping it private for the time being. The audience is small, and it feels better that we're speaking to a small room rather than a large crowd. Most of the audience has been following since the beginning, so the expository stage of the story happened in real time. I don't feel I have to justify the importance or relevance of this one person's story to them since they already have a certain investment in April's photos. I also hope that it will stimulate conversation between followers and April. Almost all the followers are within the age range April was during the years of the film binder. People can participate simply by liking a photo or comment, or commenting and engaging in the dialogue themselves.



27 likes

**found.film.binder** "Dominican Republic 97"

Now that we've connected, I will resume from where I left off in the binder.

Posting: -photos that I like

-photos that I'd like to hear more about

[@themoonismycalendar](#)

1 DAY AGO



25 likes

**found.film.binder** "Dominican Republic 97"

[View all 2 comments](#)

1 DAY AGO



April's comment about this photo from Dominican Republic 1997 reflects on "putting [photo] slides in order in the carousel to tell a story [and] holding them up to the light to reveal their image," which seemed like a metaphor for what I've been trying to do on the Instagram page.

Jaimie Baron said, in *The Archive Effect*<sup>2</sup> that "the act of sequencing of documents that generates interpretive meaning that is fundamental to both documentary as it is edited and history as it is written." Handling April's film photos—primary documents—and posting them to IG historicizes them. This process of narration, sequencing, and interpretation which Baron calls the "modern historiographic project", is what makes @found.film.binder a documentary.



## Comments



**found.film.binder** "Dominican Republic 97"

1d



**jackhjerpe** wheww

1d Reply



**themoonismycalendar** heather and her dad - i'm going to send her this picture on facebook. putting slides in order in the carousel to tell a story. holding them up to the light to reveal their image. i must have taken a roll of sides - making peace with things that no longer exist. questions about how to be in relationship with the past when it resurfaces. always from a new perspective. her dad looks young to me now that i am probably the age he was in this photo. i can feel how nostalgia has a strong undertow. looking at something that no longer exists.

20h 1 like Reply



In a long-winded unsent email to April I wrote:

There are so many important things that happen in my life that go undocumented; I knew that I shouldn't be misled to read your film binder as an autobiography. You weren't trying to document your life for an outsider, you were communicating it to your future self. Most of the earlier photos were taken on trips, and I didn't get much of a sense of what your life was like in between the trips, at home; your normal, everyday life was not often photographed. The camera is usually taken out for events, or special outings. I wonder if you would've identified as a photographer during these years? I wondered if these photos just seem special to me because I wasn't alive during this time, and that everyone just photographed their lives like this. I'm sure if you checked the average person's camera roll today you'd find similar sorts of photographs, anyway. Except, with social media, I feel like the average person is more aware of who they're communicating to when they take a photo. I feel like many of the photos people in my generation take, myself included, are taken with some intention to eventually post on social media, or send to friends. And this affects our intuition when we take photos, when we pose for photos, and when we look at photos. And maybe this is why your photos feel very different from the ones the average person takes today.

I felt that my relationship with self-documentation was very different from April's in the 1990s. Social media completely changed people's relationships to public self-documentation, how we document our lives and represent ourselves online has a lot to do with our sense of identity. I have grown up with my online presence, with the constant process of defining myself in a lasting online archive. A lot more is documented now, not just because of digital cameras, but because of digital communication. Every text conversation is documented, if privately. We are so accustomed to communicating in these ways, that we can forget about the fact that our words leave behind a document, preserved indefinitely.

My entire perception of April was based on her self-documentation, from the photographs of her youth, to her social media now. Her self-documentation was all I had, which could make my perception of her entirely skewed.

These are two different kinds of self-documentation: private and public. I had to reconcile April's private self-documentation from her youth with the public self-documentation she does today on social media, for her thousands of followers. Both offered me entirely different kinds of information about her.



found.film.binder



4 likes

found.film.binder "Rockstar 97"

JANUARY 10



themoonismycalendar



213 likes

themoonismycalendar 🌞 Exploring the relationship with SOLAR and LUNAR energy 🌙

Light has so many different qualities: fire and nectar, bright and subtle.

This black and white photo feels like it's from another lifetime. It arrived to me through some serious cosmic serendipity on the full moon.

Trying to place my age, I noticed a brace around my arm and waist - so it must be right after shoulder surgery at 18 years old from all the dislocations (swimming, water polo, and skateboarding). I think those injuries were my body telling me "you don't have to prove anything about your worth physically." I wanted to be one of the boys, to keep up in a competitive solar way - one year I was even chosen to be SOLAR MAN - the mascot of my swim team.

It has taken me a long time to access and appreciated the more lunar qualities of receptivity, surrender, and deep listening.

Inquiry: Where in your life do you need to activate more SOLAR energy to blaze a path forward?

In what ways do you call in more LUNAR energy to balance the fire and constant doing?

How do you dance between these modes of being? ✨ #solyluna #themoonismycalendar ✨

View all 15 comments

FEBRUARY 22



In his essay *Plotting the Database* (2014)<sup>3</sup>, digital media artist Will Luers said:

“Sharing photos and videos with friends on Facebook is an act that combines database and narrative logics. Before social media, friends shared photo prints and videos, but they often did so as ritualistic forms of linear storytelling: narrators addressing an attentive audience. Now, online friends post tagged sets of travel photos to social networks, often as events happen, and hope for conversations to start. While both methods speak of the desire to shape and communicate experience, the former uses media as illustration (and mnemonic device) for linear storytelling and the latter presents media as an interface to the unfolding “story” of experience itself.”

The project is as much about my experience of digging through an archive as it is about the photos themselves. Accordingly, the experience of the viewer—clicking/tapping around on photos—is similar to my experience first discovering and exploring the film binder. In a similar sense, April’s experience navigating my posts on the Instagram page echoes my experience navigating her film binder. The viewer must peruse the the Instagram page to read the story. The narrative is not told linearly, but rather interactively, through the viewer’s chosen path through the Instagram page—which is itself an archive of my curation, and narration.

The archive of her original film binder is filtered through my own subjective lens, and presented again, as an archive on the instagram page, but with my captions of interpretation.

The experience of navigating and extracting documents from an archive in order to construct a story reveals a narrative undergirded with my own subjectivity. In recognition of this subjectivity, it is only appropriate that the viewer navigates the second-generation database I’ve created with the Instagram page. This database narrative structure allows for “alternative stories and [encourages] us to question the choice of categories and of what is included and omitted”<sup>2</sup>.

It is a living, interactive documentary of modest scale and aspirations. Rare for the genre of interactive documentary, the pitfall for most being their overambitious scope.


The work being presented as an Instagram page is an approachable interface that the viewer will already be familiar with and know how to use. This also solves another problem with interactive documentary- the problem of getting people to engage with an unfamiliar interface for storytelling<sup>4</sup>.

References:

1. [Finding Vivian Maier \(2013\)](#) - Dir. John Maloof
2. Baron, Jaimie. [“The Archive Effect: Found Footage and the Audiovisual Experience of History. Routledge”](#), Taylor & Francis Group, 2014.
3. Luers, Will. [“Plotting the Database”](#), Database/Narrative/Archive Anthology, 2014.
4. Gaudenzi, Sandra. [“Strategies of Participation.”](#) New Documentary Ecologies, 2014,

Feb. 18, 2020




< found.film.binder ...



2 Posts    66 Followers    1 Following

**Scanner**  
I bought someone's old film binder, filled with negatives dated 93-02. Each caption is the caption written on the neg sleeve. Posting more as I scan!

Follow    Message    ▾



# Epilogue



I submitted that presentation of @found.film.binder as my final project for my documentary film class on Mar. 12, 2019. The next day I received this email from my professor, Kristy:

Hello Nico,

I was really intrigued by your proposal and will be sharing it with class. I wanted to tell you that, in an odd turn of events, I know April. We have children of similar age and were in a childcare share together before I moved to LA!

That was a wonderful coincidence. My only personal connection to April happened to be my documentary film teacher.

The page continued on for another month until, on April 11, April emailed me and asked me to take down the page and send her back the film binder.

The email was abrupt, and worried me. Did I do something wrong? Had I not been sensitive enough?

I took down all the posts and wrote back to her. At the end I asked:

“Can this death at least have a funeral? As in, can I give the IG page (and thus, the project) some closure?”

She came up with an idea to leave the page with closure: both of us take pictures of ourselves holding the binder (me: before I send it; her: when she receives it) and write a caption about our learnings from the experience.

I sent her the binder, along with a flash drive of all the image files.



found.film.binder



52 likes

found.film.binder April asked me to take down this page and send her the binder. Thank you everyone for following, and thank you April for participating! Bittersweet to see it go. It has been such an exciting and informative process for me, and I'm glad I was able to share it with all 91 of you. Its death is maybe the most informative part of it all.

I'm grateful for April's generous speaking and listening. Our main form of communication over these past weeks has been audio messages. We haven't talked on the phone, just through voice memos sent over email. I think this allowed us both a necessary degree of separation in order to personally reflect. On self-documentation, on seeing yourself being seen by others, on memory and accepting the death of things in the past.





52 likes

Thinking a lot about the thin black lines between frames on a film strip and the time represented in them. The lines all look the same, yet all represent a different amount of time passed (sometimes seconds, sometimes months). I think this page was a lot about those black lines, and trying to imagine (or speculate) what went on in that unrepresented, unknowable time.

I asked April about closure and she suggested ending it with pics of us holding the binder (me: before mailing it, her: after receiving it). I got the cashier at the post office to take my picture.

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April 21, 2019



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36 likes

found.film.binder thank you for witnessing this pop-up documentary of moments in time that were going to be buried, but instead nico found them and brought them back to life. a new life, with new light, new perspective through new eyes. the found film binder was like a boomerang. a time capsule, a pandora's box that resurfaced as a teacher for both of us. for this i am so grateful!





why did i let go of this binder in the first place? i didn't know what to do with all the weight of the memories that were taking up space physically and emotionally. i didn't want to throw them away either. somethings get donated to science to study after they die - i guess this was donated to art for a similar reason. to make some meaning after-the-fact. some of those images i had never seen printed. others i had tried to erase completely. some i did not want to revisit in a public way. this project was a container for exploration and self reflection, and ultimately forgiveness and acceptance. nothing is created or destroyed, it just changes form. through this process i realized that i needed these memories to change form. so i decided to shred them. to liberate the energy that was feeling stuck. i wasn't ready to do this the first time around, and now after seeing them again, i can. maybe i will regret it. but i trust that whatever is in the past that needs to be revisited for healing and growth, will continue to resurface.





through my exchanges with nico, i thought a lot about the physical-ness of film, the waiting period for development. the memory of buying a roll of film roll with 24 or 36 pictures - there was a finite number. now things appear limitless, except we pay for "memory" storage. one image can exist simultaneously all over the world to be shared and liked in a nonphysical reality that seems real. these negatives were confined to a box - and then by letting them go, they took on a life of their own. every time a memory is remembered it changes the memory. brain. science.

Continued—>

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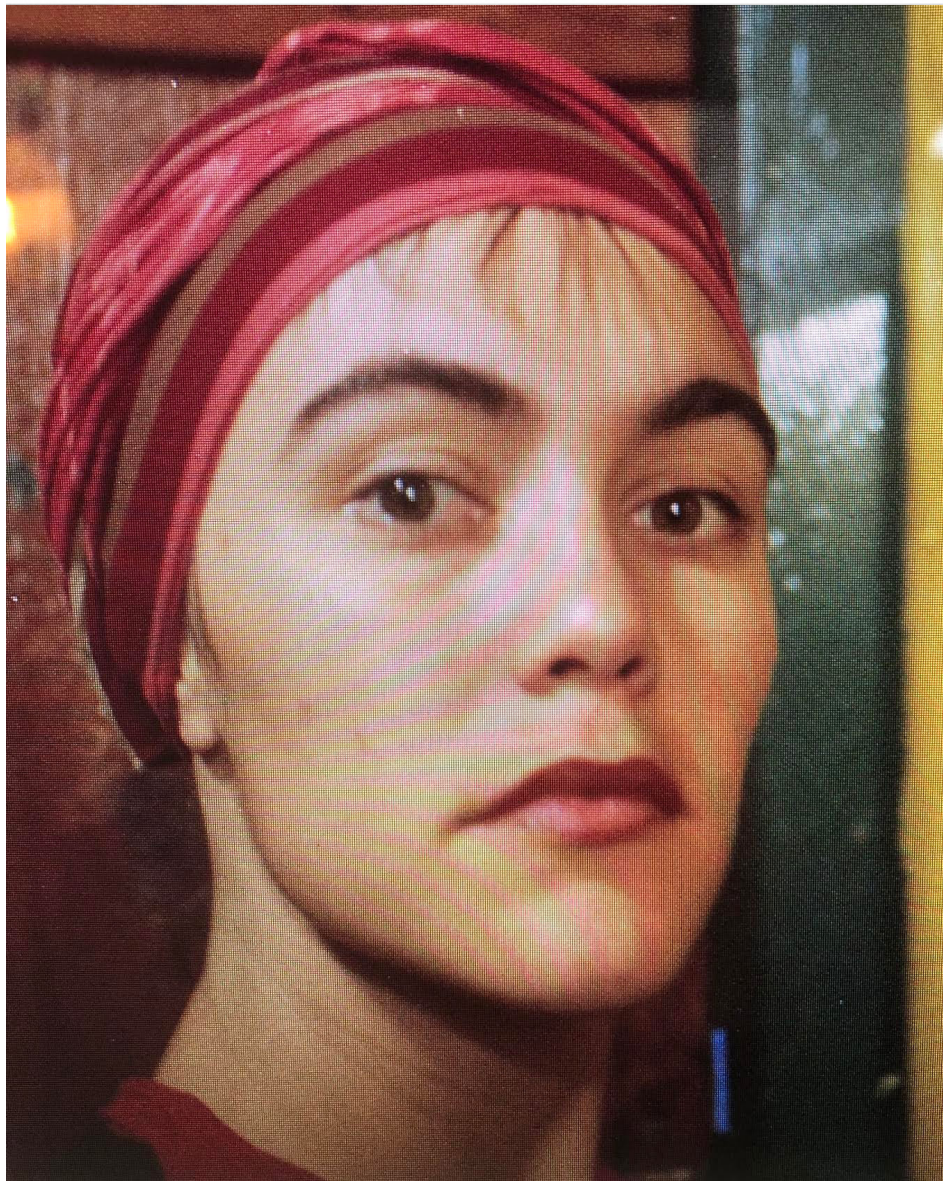
May 21, 2019



**found.film.binder** the one black and white of me on the railroad tracks took my breath away. who was that girl? i wanted to talk to her. to call back parts of myself. the wild nature. the independent nature. when nico sent me this one, i recalled things i didn't know were still a part of me. it was like a visit from an old friend after almost 20 years. and i have no idea who actually took the photo.








some relationships need to die. some will regenerate into a new forms. in social media they accumulate as if that is a good thing. who do i truly know? who truly knows me? there is no single narrative - multiple narratives, each picture is complete in itself and at the same time only a tiny part of the story. any one of the photos could be captioned in a thousand ways. this whole process made me question: what are the narratives i tell myself about my life? i imagine for nico they were all pieces of an incomplete puzzle: who are these people? and what is their relationship to each other? where are they now? what else happened that didn't get captured on film? comfort with the unknown. i appreciated being included in this process. the end is also the beginning.  
april

38w 3 likes Reply



What remains now of @found.film.binder is just these two posts.

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**Scanner**  
I bought someone's old film binder, filled with negatives dated 93-02. Each caption is the caption written on the neg sleeve. Posting more as I scan!

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